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## THE ACCEPTANCE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

No more to go on weary quest,  
No more to plot, or plan, or dream;  
A glory greater than I guessed  
Has dawned. How strangely does it seem!  
For out of girlhood's broad domain,  
Bewilderingly looked on and o'er,  
No flower (to me 'tis very plain)  
So fair was ever won before.  
The sweet, glad wonder in her eyes,  
The lips which only love has pressed,  
The warm and palpable surprise,  
The shy response shyly confessed,  
Are like the light that never was  
Inhabitant of land or sea,  
And of all earthly mysteries  
The one bewildering mystery.  
Is she so marvellously fair?  
Is she so marvellously fair?  
Is beauty's spell wrought from her eyes?  
Do radiant splendors breathe her hair?  
I have not asked, I only know  
Some sweet perfection holds her soul,  
And, where rare human virtues flow,  
Beams forth the dearest human soul.  
O'er the more that's risen to-day  
Outshines the brightness of your life;  
November's serene turns to May,  
And this bleak world is born anew.

## MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "VENUS'S PRIDE,"  
"THE MYSTERY," "THE EARLY YEARS,"  
"THE CHANGINGS," "A LIFE'S  
SECRET," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER IX.

ALNWICK COTTAGE.

A blazing hot day in August. More especially hot it felt at the railway station of Offord, a quiet country village; for it was a small, bare station, with not a tree, and but little covering about it, to shade off the sun's hot glare. The two o'clock train came puffing up, stopped, deposited a few passengers and a good deal of luggage, and went screaming and puffing on again.

Nearly all who had alighted were of one party. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, their two young children, and some servants. Mrs. Yorke was young and beautiful still, but her manner had grown colder. All he knew of remained of the gay lightness of Maria Saxonbury.

From the love, incidental to Englishmen, of temporary change, of new scenes, Mr. Yorke quitted Saxonbury, its comforts and its elegancies, for a "shooting-box" in another county. All he knew of "Alnwick Cottage," he knew through an advertisement, except what he learned by two or three letters from Mr. Maskell, who had the charge of letting it, furnished. "Excellent fishing and shooting were promised," and Mr. Yorke had taken it for six months. It stood nearly a mile beyond the village. No one was at the station to meet them, and Mr. Yorke in his haughty spirit, was not pleased at the omission. He deemed that Mr. Maskell ought to have been there.

"It is a disagreeable which he ought to have shown me," he remarked to his wife, when the bustle of their arrival at the cottage was over.  
"I wonder he was not there," she answered. "But something may have prevented him, Arthur, we don't know."  
"I think I shall take a stroll out and have a look at the locality," resumed Mr. Yorke. "Do you want anything ordered in, Maria?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "The servants can see about all that."  
Mr. Yorke departed, taking the direction of Offord. When he reached the village, one of the first houses he saw was Mr. Maskell's, as the door-plate announced. "Mr. Maskell, Lawyer and Conveyancer," he rang, and was admitted.

"I am so sorry not to have met you at the station," began Mr. Maskell, when he learned who he was. "I was called suddenly out of Offord this morning to make a gentleman's will, and have not been home half-an-hour. I have despatched my clerk to Alnwick Cottage with the inventory. Sir, I hope you will like Offord."

"It seems a very poor place," remarked Mr. Yorke.  
"The village can't boast much, but the neighborhood is superior: a small society, but excellent. Capital shooting, too!"  
"Have you good medical advice?"

"He is a very nice young fellow, our doctor. We have not the place would not support more. Not but what he makes a good thing of it."  
Mr. Yorke's lip curled. He had not been thinking of "nice young fellows," but of superior medical skill. "I asked you about the doctor before I decided on the cottage, and you wrote me word there was an excellent one," said he, in a satisfied tone. "It is most essential, where there's a family, to be near a clever medical man."

"We all think him very clever," replied the lawyer. "I have thought the practice three years ago, our surgeon had died, and I negotiated its sale with this gentleman. He has attended us ever since, and is a great favorite. He was in London for two years before that, qualified assistant to a large medical practitioner. Plenty of experience he had then; it was a large hospital practice. He was smoking his cigar with me yesterday evening; he often runs in, does Janson, and was saying—"

"What is his name?" interrupted Mr. Yorke, his accent shrill and unnatural.  
"Janson."  
"What?"  
The lawyer wondered whether Mr. Yorke was attacked with sudden deafness, and why his eyes glared, and his teeth shone out, so like fangs.

"Janson," he repeated—"Edward Janson. Do you know him?"  
Mr. Yorke's mouth closed again, and his manner calmed down. "It is a curious name," said he. "Is it English?"  
"Of Dutch origin, I suppose. Janson is an Englishman."

"Does he live in the village?"  
"A few doors lower down. It is the corner house as you come to Ryelake; the garden door at the back opens on a lane. I assure you, sir, you may call in this gentleman with every confidence, should you or your family require medical advice."

puted to go through the house with the lawyer's clerk and the inventory. The eldest child, a boy of four years, chose, as he had will of his own, to attend on Finch; Finch, submitting to the companionship, failing in some coaxing attempts to get rid of him. But after a while he grew tired of the process of looking at chairs and tables and cups and saucers, and quitted her to go down stairs.

"Go to Charlotte, Leo dear," said Finch. "I shall soon have done. Charlotte," she called out, over the balustrades, "see to Master Leo."

When Finch and the clerk had finished the inventory, the former proceeded to the small room on the ground floor, which had been appropriated as the nursery. In the list it was set down as "butler's pantry." Charlotte, the under-nurse, sat there with the youngest child asleep in her lap.

"Where's Master Leo?" asked Finch, abbreviating, as she usually did, his name "Leopold." "He's sent him here, and ordered to see after him."

"He didn't come," was Charlotte's answer, "and the little one was just dropping off to sleep. Master Leo wouldn't come here to me, if he could go to his mamma."

"You'd let him be with his mamma for ever, if he could, wouldn't you?" asked Finch. "The trouble," cried Finch, who of course dominated over Charlotte, upper-nurse fashion. "I hate this moving, I do such a bother nothing to be got at, and one's regular meals and hours upset. I'm as tired as a poor dog's head. And you sitting here doing nothing, with that child on your lap! You might have laid him down, and got a cup of tea for us."

"Am I to lay him on the floor?" retorted Charlotte. "I don't know which is to be the children's bed."

Finch flung out of the room in search of Leo; her labors that day, and the discomfort around, made her cross. He was not to be found in-doors, and she went to the garden. Very soon a shriek of fright and horror arose from her. He drew her mistress out, and the lawyer's clerk, who was departing, heard it, and ran back in his direction.

Leopold and a cork had met with a ladder, reared against the side of the house, and had climbed up in all a boy's adventurous spirit. He had fallen off, poor child, it was impossible to say from what height, and now lay insensible on the gravel, with an ugly gash in his forehead, from which the blood was oozing.

Finch stopped her groans and lamentations, and stooped to pick him up. But Mrs. Yorke snatched him from her, and crouched down on the earth, with one knee raised, and laid him upon it. She looked with a hopeless, helpless expression at the lawyer's clerk. The words which came from her white lips were scarcely audible.

"A doctor! where does one live?"  
"I'll fetch him, ma'am; I'll run every step of the way; I don't mind the heat," cried the sympathizing clerk.

He did not wait another moment, but sped away. Leopold was conveyed indoors, and before the surgeon got there—who also seemed to have come on the run—the child had recovered consciousness, and Finch had washed the wound, which now seemed disarmed of three parts of its terrors.

Mr. Janson, handsome, frank, attractive face, he used to be, wanting yet a year or so of thirty, bound it up, ordered the boy to be kept quiet, and said he would send in a little calming medicine.

"May I dare to shake hands with you?" he asked, with a frank pleasant smile, but with somewhat heightened color, when he and Mrs. Yorke were left alone.

She placed her hand within his, quite as frankly, though the glow was far deeper on her face than his. "How strange that we should meet here!" she exclaimed. "I recognized you the moment you came in."

"As I did you," he returned. "But I was prepared to use the matter of speculation in my mind, whether the Mr. and Mrs. Yorke who were coming to Alnwick Cottage, could be you and your husband, until Maskell set it at rest by saying it was Mr. Yorke of Saxonbury. I have been settled at Offord these three years."

"May I see you?" Mrs. Yorke hesitated, but probably thought she must finish her question as she began it—"married?"

Mr. Janson did not observe him. He walked straight across the road, got under a stile, and was lost behind the hedge. "He may well try to avoid my observation," thought Mr. Yorke, in his prejudice. Had he been told the real facts—that Mr. Janson did not see him, and being in a hurry, was taking the short way through the fields to his home—he would have refused his belief.

Matters were not mended when Mr. Yorke turned in at his gate. There stood his wife at the window, her eyes unmistakably fixed on the path taken by Mr. Janson. She looked flushed and excited, which indeed was the effect of her late fright about the child. But Mr. Yorke set it down to a different cause.

"I am glad you have come home," she exclaimed, when he entered. "An unfortunate thing has happened."

"I know," burst forth Mr. Yorke. "No need to tell me."

Maria supposed he had seen the lawyer's clerk. "What else could he have supposed?" she asked. "He was angry at his having happened."

"Mr. Janson says so. Only think! he is the doctor here. You must have seen him leaving the house?"

"Yes, I did see him," retorted Mr. Yorke, nearly choking with his efforts to keep down his anger. "What brought him here?"

"I sent for him. At least, I sent!"

"And how dared you send for him, to admit him to my house? How could you seize the moment my back was turned, to fetch him to your side? Was the meeting, may I ask, a repetition of the party?"

"What can you be talking of?" uttered Mrs. Yorke, petrified at the outburst. "What do you mean?"

"I mean Janson," hissed Mr. Yorke. "Janson, your former favored lover. Have I been so distasteful a husband to you, that you must needs fetch him here in the hour of your arrival? Who told you that he lived at Offord? Who did you ferret it out? Or have you known all along, and concealed the knowledge from me?"

Maria sank back in her chair, awed and bewildered. "Do think you are out of your mind," she gasped.

"No! I leave that to you: you are far more out of your mind than I am. Listen! I have a warning to give you. I am sick of your conduct, and I will not be your passive tool. Get Janson to visit you clandestinely again, and I will shoot him."

Maria rose majestically. "I do not understand the word 'clandestine,'" she haughtily said. "I can never apply to me. When the accident happened, I did not know of it. I truly thought he said in, and so did Finch, and so did the young man who had been going over the inventory—and I begged the young man to run for the nearest house, I do more know than he. When the accident happened, I did not know of it. I truly thought he said in, and so did Finch, and so did the young man who had been going over the inventory—and I begged the young man to run for the nearest house, I do more know than he."

"The three gentlemen were strolling along the banks of the fish-pond, smoking their cigars, and talking idly. Suddenly one of them espied a couple walking arm-in-arm on the path in the higher ground, some distance off."

"It looks like Janson," said Squire Higgrove. "That's just his walk; and that's the way he flourishes his cane, too. Who is the lady, I wonder? So ho, Master Janson! a good excuse for not joining us: you are more agreeably employed."

Mr. Yorke smiled grimly; his eye, keen as it was, failed to recognize his wife, for the hood disguised her. They smoked their cigars, and returned to the house.

"Have we not got a joke against Janson?" cried Squire Higgrove. "I'll rate him for not coming. He's walking about in the moonlight with some damsel on his arm, as snug as may be."

and he still moaned out the same cry, "My head, my head!"  
"He has been out," exclaimed Mr. Janson. "Why was I disobeyed? This is a sun-stroke."

The boy's self-will was alone to blame. Mrs. Yorke had coaxed him into lying on the sofa in the drawing-room "for a nice mid-day sleep," and went into the nursery, leaving him, safe. Up jumped Master Leopold the instant he found himself at liberty, and dropped down from the low window, which stood so temptingly open. That was how it happened. His heart was set upon getting into the garden, simply because it was denied to him.

## CHAPTER X.

JEALOUS DOUBTS.

A few days, and Leopold Yorke was so far recovered, that at intermittent fever alone remained. Mr. Yorke, in spite of his jealous prejudices, had been obliged to submit to Mr. Janson's frequent visits, for the safety of his son and his wife was paramount.

The neighborhood had hastened to make acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, and an early invitation arrived for them to take a quiet dinner at Squire Higgrove's. It was accepted by both, for Leopold's intermittent fever was subsiding, and they were no longer under alarm for him.

On the appointed evening, they found a small party of seven at the squire's, themselves included. The eighth seat had been meant for Mr. Janson, but he had been called out unexpectedly, and was unable to come. The gentlemen's conversation turned upon outdoor sports, and after dinner, when the coffee was over, they went out, where Mr. Yorke might see a pond on the grounds, where the fish was being preserved, leaving the ladies alone.

Soon after, Mr. Janson came in. But scarcely had he had time to explain the cause of his absence at dinner, when a servant appeared, and told him he was wanted.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgrove. "A doctor's time is never his own," he remarked, good-humoredly. "Is it my surgery boy?" he inquired of the servant.

"No, sir. It is a footman from Alnwick Cottage. He says your boy sent him on here."

This excited the alarm of Mrs. Yorke. "Leopold must be worse!" she exclaimed. "As it proved to be, Master Leopold was taken worse, the man said, a talking nonsense, and not knowing a word of it, and hotter than ever. Finch was frightened, and so was I. It was of no use, her mother feared she was over-acting, and said she would try to keep her home immediately."

"They tried to keep her, and to soothe her fears. Mr. Janson said he would make haste to the cottage, and return to report to her. It was of no use, her mother feared she was over-acting, and said she would try to keep her home immediately."

"Then, if you must go, I will be your escort, if you will allow me," said Mr. Janson.

"Indeed, I shall be much obliged to you," she answered, and hurriedly putting on her shawl, she departed with him, one of the ladies lending her a black silk hood for her head. She had anticipated returning in the carriage. It was a beautiful night in September, nearly as bright as day, for the harvest moon was high; just the night poets are fond of consecrating to love. Mr. Janson and Mrs. Yorke walked along, fast, and in a sedate composure, neither remembering—at least, so far as was suffered to appear—that they had ever been more to each other than they were now.

"The three gentlemen were strolling along the banks of the fish-pond, smoking their cigars, and talking idly. Suddenly one of them espied a couple walking arm-in-arm on the path in the higher ground, some distance off."

"It looks like Janson," said Squire Higgrove. "That's just his walk; and that's the way he flourishes his cane, too. Who is the lady, I wonder? So ho, Master Janson! a good excuse for not joining us: you are more agreeably employed."

Mr. Yorke smiled grimly; his eye, keen as it was, failed to recognize his wife, for the hood disguised her. They smoked their cigars, and returned to the house.

"Have we not got a joke against Janson?" cried Squire Higgrove. "I'll rate him for not coming. He's walking about in the moonlight with some damsel on his arm, as snug as may be."

"But it's the solemn truth, sir. Why, one night I sat on the balcony with the engineer of the Santa Fe road. The hoppers had piled up against the west corn, but they didn't get over the fence. It was a crawling, sinking, nasty pile. The balcony was covered. I threw down a quid of tobacco, and the hoppers covered it and ate it up in a few minutes, and when I put my foot on a pile of them, the rest called in and ate the smashest ones up. Why, when I went to build my fire this fall, the stoves wouldn't draw, and on examining to learn the cause, I found the flies were full of hoppers. They filled the air with a horrid stench. They covered the pools and the springs with their poisonous green excrement, and made the cattle sick, they made the hens and the turkeys sick, and they fairly made me sick. Why I've seen them so thick on the railroad that they'd stop a train—grease the track till the locomotive wheels would roll over and over."

Mr. Yorke was not in a fever over the child; but Mr. Yorke was in a fever over something else. He was positively believing, in spite of improbabilities, that the story of the illness had been a got up excuse, got up between his wife and Mr. Janson, to indulge in this night walk of a mile and a half. And he clenched his hands, and gnashed his teeth, and strode fiercely along in his foaming jealousy. It is a passion which has turned many a sensible man to madness.

He stood in at his own gate and reconnoitered the house. The drawing room was in darkness, its windows open; they were not there. A light shone up stairs in Leopold's chamber, and one also in his wife's bed-room.

"He's in his study, stealthily still, and entered the bedroom; and Mr. Finch, with hers. The housemaid was turning down the bed."

"Is your mistress come home?" asked he, speaking, perhaps unconsciously to himself, in a whisper.

"Yes, she came home with Mr. Janson. They are with Master Leopold's nurse."

Up higher yet, but quietly still, till he reached Leopold's room. His wife stood there, at the foot of the bed, her shawl still on, and the hood fallen back from her head, and Mr. Janson was seated on a chair at his side, leaning over Mr. Leopold, his watch in one hand, the child's wrist in the other. He lay on his back, his little face a transparent white, as it had been lately, and his cheeks and lips were wide open, and looked very bright.

"Faint," said he, half raising his hand, when Mr. Yorke entered.

"I don't know why Finch should have been so frightened," said Mrs. Yorke, to her husband. "He is quite rational now, and seems but little worse than he usually does when the fever is upon him."

"What do you mean by having thus sent an alarm?" demanded Mr. Yorke, in a sharp irritable tone. "Mr. Finch entered the room with a night-light, which she had been down to get. 'Frightened, indeed! Did you send?'"

"I never knew any child change so," returned she, almost as irritably as her master. "He was burning with fever, as had as he ever had been days ago, and as he said, it alarmed me, sir, and I sent off for Mr. Janson. I don't send for you and my mistress. No sooner had the man gone than he dropped asleep, and has now woken up calm—as almost as if he were to insinuate that I am telling stories."

"This class of fevers will fluctuate," interposed Mr. Janson. "One hour the patient seems at death's door, and the next scarcely ill at all. Something has certainly increased it to-night, but he will do well."

"If ever I saw any human body so changed as the master is, since we came here," uttered Finch to Charlotte, that same evening. "Formerly he used to be pleasant enough in the house, unless any great thing crossed him, but now he's as gloomy and snappish as a bull put up for baiting. I wonder my mistress does not give him a bit of her mind! I wish he'd go off to Scotland as he did last year."

[Continued next week.]

A GRASSHOPPER STORY.  
Near Topeka, Kan., I talked with a farmer who planted a thousand acres of corn, but did not get over the fence. It was a crawling, sinking, nasty pile. The balcony was covered. I threw down a quid of tobacco, and the hoppers covered it and ate it up in a few minutes, and when I put my foot on a pile of them, the rest called in and ate the smashest ones up. Why, when I went to build my fire this fall, the stoves wouldn't draw, and on examining to learn the cause, I found the flies were full of hoppers. They filled the air with a horrid stench. They covered the pools and the springs with their poisonous green excrement, and made the cattle sick, they made the hens and the turkeys sick, and they fairly made me sick. Why I've seen them so thick on the railroad that they'd stop a train—grease the track till the locomotive wheels would roll over and over."

"What became of them?" I asked.

"They flew east. They always flew in the daytime and ate at night. They went through my corn field in a day, and the next day they were a half mile to the east."

"And the trees?"

"Why, they all leaved out again, and many of them blossomed over again, and tried to bear fruit, and bore it till the frost came. In my trees you'd see dead peach stones and pink blossoms—all together. Oh, it was a mournful sight, sir—dead fruit and the farmer drew a long sigh."

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A Patterson, N. J., clergyman skates three miles to church this winter.  
Oakland, Cal., has a Presbyterian Sunday school with 143 Chinese pupils.  
There are nominally eighty-nine Episcopal churches and chapels in New York county.

A Rhode Island man broke his boy's ribs because he would not attend Sunday school.  
Five hundred and twenty-eight persons have joined the Brooklyn Tabernacle within the past nine months.

During 1874 the Roman Catholics lost by death three Bishops in this country—Whelan, McFarland and Bacon.  
It has been noted that of the eight Bishops chosen by the Episcopal Church since October last, five are under forty years of age.

The Episcopalians propose forming a general Church Building Society. The scheme has received the approval of most of the bishops.  
At East Elmore, Vt., four years ago there was but one praying family; there is a church of 120 members, and the revival is still progressing.

Father Chaniquy, the French convert from Romanism, is said to have induced twenty families to leave the Roman Catholic Church at Putnam, Conn.  
The Wesleyan Methodists are preparing to build a Theological college at St. Lambert, principally for French Canadian young men preparing for the ministry.

The Bishops of Hildesheim and Munster have had their salaries from the State withdrawn on account of their persistent disregard of the ecclesiastical laws.  
Spurgeon thinks anything legitimate to shake a congregation into attention. He advocates a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the pulpit, and says he knew a clergyman who tried the experiment.

The Detroit Free Press tells of a man who claims to have traded horses thirty-seven times, and cheated the other man every time, and yet when his wife died the other day he promised to meet her in heaven.

In Philadelphia the Episcopalians have 79 churches and 18,125 church members; Methodists, 75 churches and 19,770 members; Presbyterians, 72 churches and 22,035 members; Baptists, 61 churches and 16,507 members.

There is a marked revival among the Mohammedans at Lucknow. Old deserted temples have been repaired, and are crowded with worshippers. Street preaching has been resorted to, and schools have been opened in which the doctrines of Islamism are taught.

Reports from China record the recent destruction of the home of the two Missionaries connected with the Chinese Inland Mission. The missionaries were forced to fly for their lives, leaving all their property in the hands of the mob.

The Independent says: A correspondent of the denominational newspapers chronicle the fact that a clergyman "is doing a good deal of good in the vineyard and with anxious ones. A happy congregation of Christian and Heavens can't."

However rich a man may be, however titled, however proud, let him go his way with humility, remembering that he is only about the two-billionth part of the population of the world, and that he will about as much as be missed by men just about as much as a mashed grasshopper is missed by his swarm.

The Western Baptist Educational Union has purchased the Pates House, the largest hotel at St. Joseph, Mo., with the intention of turning it into a Baptist University. The articles of incorporation place the endowment fund of the new college at \$300,000, with power to increase it to \$1,000,000.

At the Consistory held Dec. 21, the Pope nominated several titular bishops for Italian, French, and Spanish dioceses. Seventeen bishops, in partibus, were also nominated. The Pope, in addressing the cardinals, after the close of the Consistory, severely censured those ecclesiastics who took part in the late election to the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

During the erection of his new church at Elmira, which is to be the largest Protestant church building in New York State, Rev. Tom Beecher has preached at the opera house, every Sunday evening, one cent admission being charged. The size of the audience at this novel figure has been sufficient to cover expenses.

The Rev. Barnabas Root, a native African, was recently ordained by a Congregational Council in New York city. He was brought to the United States in 1859, and shortly afterwards returned to West Africa to work among his own people. He came back again to study in 1863, and since then has graduated at Knox College, Ill., and studied for three years in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He goes to Mendis Mission.

Alciabiades had a shrewd way of diverting attention from his vices. He once paid 70 mine (about \$1,400) for a dog of remarkable size and beauty, and generally admired for his tail. He cut the tail off, and when his friends scolded him, and said that everybody was vexed about the dog and was abusing him, he answered, with a laugh, "That is what I want. I wish them to talk about that, that they may say nothing worse of me."

## SPLINTERS.

Cycles of time—leaves.  
Down in the mouth—Your throat.  
The traces of tears draw sympathy.  
A person who wags his head is a wag.  
To build a tongue—Drink scalding coffee.

A mortgage is a difficult thing to satisfy.  
To kill time—Take a horse and sleigh it.  
The stamp of civilization—The postage stamp.

Chairs should not be covered with silk, but satin.  
Corporal punishment—Reducing him to the ranks.  
Swallows may skim the air, but they can't skim milk.

A church fair—The beautiful being who sings soprano.  
A rough estimate—guessing that you can knock a man down.

To "bone" a turkey—Take it when the poultice is not looking.  
To prevent meat from spoiling in the summer—Eat it up in the spring.

How to make good puffins—Send the publisher 50 cents a line for them.  
It's never too late to mend, except when a stocking is worn away in the instep.

Many people have the facility of looking at everything and seeing nothing.  
If a pair of spectacles could speak what historian would they name. Eu-se-bius.  
In the earthquake region of California it is reported that "real estate is active."

All games of chance, except running for office, will be suppressed by law in Virginia.  
Old Sojourner Truth is still living. She is centenarily expected to go to Philadelphia.

Illinois farmer put a sign over his pond since it froze over. It reads, "Take not ice."  
Linen rubber lined hose, is becoming very popular in New York—with the fire department, of course.

What class of people has done most toward populating this country? The Smith manufacturing company.  
A Nevada editor gravely announces that he never can write fluidly until he's had a glass or two of whisky.

Information Wanted.  
Will sum enlighten being explained to me: Why a dog always turns around 3 times before he lies down.

Why a horse always glits up oph from the ground on his forward feet.  
Why a man always glits up oph from the ground on his back when he lies down.

Why, when a man gets lost in the woods, or on the plains, he always walks in a circle.  
Why a goose stands fast on one leg and then on t'other.

Why rabbits have a short tail and cats have a long one.  
Why most of the birds build their nests of different materials.

Why a hen always knows her little ones from another's, and why she will hatch out 12 duck eggs and then think they are her own chickens.  
Why a bear always climbs down a tree backwards.

Why a turkey's eggs are speckled, and a duck's eggs blue.  
Whether a log floats faster in a river than the current runs, or not.

Why an oyster and a clam are the only things I know of with animal life that don't try to move out of the places to get a living.  
Why a mule's bones are all solid, and their ears twice as long as a horse's.

Why a pig gathers straw in his mouth and runs about with them just before a rain storm.



# THE HERALD.

MALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1875.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday, January 27.

Andrew Johnson was elected to the U. S. Senate yesterday by the Tennessee Legislature.

A fire in the upper story of the Navy Department building, yesterday afternoon, was the sensation at Washington.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of willful murder against Christopher McGowan at Chicago Sunday morning, having found that he had killed Henry Ward Beecher, for poisoning on his marital preserves, in dragging his slow length through the Brooklyn city court.

Antonio Vaccaro, an Italian saloon keeper of Vicksburg, Miss., was found dead in his doorway Sunday morning, having been murdered the previous night. It is supposed by some negroes who were seen in his saloon at a late hour, and it was known that he had about \$3,000 on his person.

Tom Johnson, colored, who was to have been hung next Friday, at Montgomery, Ala., for murder, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

The wife and eight children of Pierre Dulude, a Canadian farmer, perished in the flames of his house, which was destroyed by fire yesterday in Baucherville, province of Quebec.

The Texas senate term with fatal cases of freezing that occurred during the late spell.

Thomas Footman, alias Phinizie, at Savannah, Ga., robbed a man on Thursday at 10 o'clock; Friday at 11 o'clock he was indicted by the grand jury; at 12 o'clock he pleaded guilty; and at half past 12 he was happy in the knowledge that his appropriating disposition had brought him twelve years in the penitentiary.

A marriage extraordinary took place at Jasper, Tenn., the other day, which was a regular wedding of December to May. The bridegroom, Mr. Martin, had attained his 79th year, while the bride was a girl of only 13. To add to the charms of the little, modest maiden, the three-score and sixteen gave his bride \$3,000 as a marriage gift.

About 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at Memphis Tenn., Col. F. A. Tyler, while sitting in the Ledger editorial room, was shot through the left thigh. The cause of the shooting was the accidental discharge of a derringer pistol, which he carried in his pants pocket.

Capt. R. F. King, the Secretary of the Virginia terra cotta and porcelain works, died suddenly at the Virginia Hotel, Staunton, on Tuesday last. The cause of his arrival in town on Sunday night, and on Monday he was discovered to be ill. Every attention was shown him by the officials of the hotel, and Dr. Henkel was sent for, but all was unavailing, congestion of the brain having set in, and he expired Tuesday at 3:30 o'clock. Capt. King was a son of Maj. Gen. George Arthur King, of the English army, and was himself adjutant of H. B. M. 13th regiment of foot (Prince Albert's own), in which capacity he took a gallant part in quelling the mutiny of Nena Sahib in 1859. He was thirty-four years of age, a native of India, where his father was serving at the time of his birth, and was a grandson of the Countess of Mountchessel, and cousin of Lord Viscount Lorton. He came to this country in March, 1873, in company with Mr. L. A. Kerans and others, landing in Baltimore, and not long after took a position in the Terra Cotta Company.

In the dusk of Wednesday evening of last week a wagon drove out of Staunton, Va., with five or six men, none of whom had any ill-feeling against the other, and this morning one of them is in his grave, one is in jail as his slayer, and another, a boy, is in the cell with him as an accessory.

It is in the cell with him as an accessory, or, still better, a quarrel. The parties were Michael Livick, aged 71, a small farmer; George Furr, a one-armed ex-Confederate soldier, also a small farmer, and Furr's son, a boy of about 13 years. They all resided at Christian's Creek, and Livick and Furr had been hauling ice with what is called a "spike" team, that is Livick owned the team, and Furr the other horse and the wagon. The quarrel came about just as such quarrels come along with people of their station. The boy put into a conversation between his father, who was driving, and a traveler on the road. Livick reproved him with the old saw, "children being seen and not heard." An impudent answer from the boy, a threat to thrash, the answer by the father that he would die before any man should thrash his boy, the taunt from Livick that a man whipped his last year and the father didn't die for him, then dismounting by the father who was riding on the horse, rocks thrown and a scuffle in which thrown heavily, then a cessation, the passing of the lie, a rock passed into the father's hand by the boy, and the final blow—all just the way such quarrels go. Livick after the blow mounted the horse and upon reaching home dismounted and walked to a neighbor's, complained of a pain in his head, went back home, became insensible, and Sunday died. The frontal bone was broken for an inch and a half, and a hole was made into the brain in which a large splinter of the skull was imbedded.

His Honor, Judge Lewis, of Memphis, was so jubilant at the election of Andrew Johnson to the United States Senate yesterday that, in the excess of his joy, he went to the station-house, released all the prisoners confined for being drunk, owing to impetuosity, and then treated the attaches to a flow of "hot Irish." The released man of the legislature to elect a Senator every week in the future.

Thursday, January 28.

An attack was made on the house of Dr. Samuel, the step-father of the James boys, the notorious Missouri outlaws, near Kearney, Clay county, Mo., yesterday morning, by a party who supposed the outlaws were there. The house was fired on the outside, and a hand grenade thrown into the family room. Not knowing what it was, Dr. Samuel threw it into the fire, where it exploded with terrible results. Dr. Samuel lost an arm, a child of eight years was struck on the head by a piece of shell and instantly killed, and two other members of the family were injured.

Mrs. Kate Clark, late a seamstress in the family of Senator Stewart of Nevada, was arrested in Baltimore yesterday, and told or twelve thousand dollars worth of plate, diamonds, lace and other valuables stolen from Mrs. Stewart found in her trunk. She was sent to Washington.

General Burnside was yesterday elected to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature of Rhode Island.

Maj. J. P. Hochbach, of Memphis, who

recently murdered H. K. Thomas at Dallas, Texas, has been sentenced to six years in the penitentiary.

One day last week an excited young man, while fording the river near Fort Worth, Texas, flew into a passion and struck his horse over the head with his gun, which was discharged at the moment, the contents lodging in his bowels. A funeral followed.

A bill has been introduced into the Texas Senate which, in effect, declares bodies of armed strangers and Indians, who may be overhauled while stealing horses and cattle on the frontier, to be outlaws, and provides that, in the name and authority of the State, they be quickly dispatched when caught.

Thursday night the body of a negro man named Rube was found hanging to a tree on Mountain creek, fourteen miles from Dallas, Texas. The head and face were horribly mutilated and the throat was cut. For play was evident, and a note by the name of "Dill," who went to Rube's home two weeks ago and took him out, is suspected of the horrible crime, as nothing was heard of Rube until his body was found as stated above.

Robert Moore, a Nashville saloon keeper, was found dead last night, by cutting his throat with a razor.

A young man named Moss had a difficulty at Carnesville, Ga., on Monday, with a negro, who threw a rock at him and stooped for another, when Moss cut him in the bowels with a dirk. The negro fell, exclaiming, "I'm dead," when another negro intervened, and made at Moss with a rock. Moss received the blow on the point of his dagger, penetrating the jugular vein, when he threw up the sponge. Another sable combatant now appeared on the field, and doubtless would have shared the fate of the first, had not the marshal interposed. One of the negroes died that night, and the other in two days. Moss made his escape.

Friday, January 29.

Son-in-law Sartoris and Nellie, his wife, arrived at New York yesterday. It is hinted that they have been an industrious couple, and where two same three will go.

Rev. Thos. U. Dudley, D.D., was consecrated Assistant Bishop (Episcopal) of the diocese of Kentucky, yesterday, at Baltimore.

An Italian friar vendor of Memphis, named Longonetti, was fatally stabbed yesterday, by a youth of the same nationality, who was a member of the same order.

Henry T. Martin, deputy sheriff of Alexander county, Ill., committed suicide at Cairo, last night, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver.

The late Mrs. Ann White Vose, in a will made public yesterday, bequeathed \$365,000 to the public institutions of Boston.

A negro man who fatally shot a white federal soldier in the suburbs of Shreveport, La., in a quarrel about a wench, some weeks ago, was yesterday sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Pleasant Phillips, a colored candidate for the Legislature of Tallapoosa county, Ga., was defeated, since which time he has committed suicide.

Dawson, Ga., was visited by another disastrous fire yesterday morning, between midnight and day, which destroyed twelve buildings.

A dog believed to be mad attacked the little daughter of Mr. E. C. Stockton, of Houston, Texas, last Friday, and bit her on the leg. Mr. S. succeeded in killing the animal, and then started off post haste to borrow a "mad stone," which he fortunately heard of as being in the possession of Mr. Andrew Hamilton, of the Central railroad office. By the time he secured it his little daughter's leg had become swollen. He applied the stone and it adhered to the wound for two hours, reducing the swelling and then dropped off, and was found to be covered with a greenish substance apparently extracted from the wound. The stone was then freed from the adhering substance by immersion in hot water. The little girl is about well, and Mr. Stockton thinks permanently cured.

Saturday, January 30.

All Georgia is clamoring for Ben Hill to go Congress.

Information has reached Corpus Christi, Texas, that several Mexicans were seen hanging last week near the pasture fence of Capt. R. King. They have expiated their crimes in a summary manner, the supposition existing that they were hung for stealing cattle.

A person professing to be a Baptist minister was arrested at Kearns, Texas, Monday, by deputy marshal Blood, and arrived at Austin yesterday, charged with robbing a postal car of thirty registered packages.

At Jefferson, Texas, a man named Wm. Spotts, employed on a dredgeboat down the bayou, while carrying a load of nitroglycerine, was some accident caused it to explode, and he was blown to pieces. A hand was found in one place, and a part of his body in the limbs of a tree.

The workmen in the Georgia railroad shops in Augusta have been put on half time, commencing yesterday. This has been done for some accident caused it to explode, and he was blown to pieces. A hand was found in one place, and a part of his body in the limbs of a tree.

Mr. W. J. McKie, who lived in the Currytown section of Edgfield county, Ga., committed suicide last Saturday night, by shooting himself in the head. He was an opium eater, and left a wife and four children in destitute circumstances.

At Savannah, Ga., in the autumn of 1872 a colored watchman by the name of Samuel Houston, on the steamer Maggie Saffold, was brutally murdered by four negroes. The parties were arrested some time after, one turned State's evidence and was released. The others were convicted and sentenced, but counsel delayed the execution of the law by motions for a new trial. In the meantime one, Zeke Jackson, died in jail, and a short time after Wm. Seabrook, another of the same party, died in his cell. Jack Middleton, the third and last, whose case was assigned for trial yesterday, has been transferred from the jail to the hospital, and is now at the point of death.

Monday, February 1.

One of the children of Letty Lott, colored, near Hillsboro, N. C., died a few days ago from drinking milk poisoned by standing in the long in a creek, and two others are not expected to live.

Last Thursday at Dallas, Texas, when the jury gave a verdict of six years in the penitentiary against J. P. Horbach for the killing of H. K. Thomas, Mrs. and Miss Horbach were overpowered by the sad tidings, and their shrieks and cries reverberated through the court-room, and excited the pity of every one present, and tears at the sight were forced into not a few eyes.

As Mr. Daniel Fleming was standing was standing in front of his store in Spar-tanburg, S. C., on Thursday, conversing with some of his friends, several hundred bricks became detached from the top of the store and fell, striking a Mr. Fleming and killing him instantly.

Danielo Lernano the guide of Hamil-

ton, the Jersey City defaulter, took a refuge from Corpus Christi, Texas, returned to that city Friday. As he was entering town he met another Mexican named Felix and shot him dead. The murderer was drunk.

Tuesday, February 2.

Andrew Gano Burt, for many years a prominent banker of Cincinnati, died Saturday morning, aged sixty-five years. Mr. Burt was of Clay county, Mo., and with a posse of twenty men, surrounded the house of Samuel, the home of the James boys, Friday forenoon, and captured the following persons, who were taken to Liberty that evening: George James, Edward Miller, and Ned Samuels. The others had fled. Miller was heavily armed, and bears a bad reputation.

A very bad mistake occurred at Cross Plains, Tenn., Saturday. The wife of Mr. Ewing Burney put poison in some meal and set in a cupboard, with a view to poisoning the cook, having no knowledge of the fact, subsequently went to the cupboard, got the meal, mixed it with more from the barrel, made it into dough and cooked it for breakfast. Mrs. B. and child ate heartily of it, and both shortly after became deathly sick. She asked the servant whether she had used the poisoned meal, who answered in the affirmative. A physician was speedily summoned, but she was past all human aid. She died within an hour after eating the bread. The child is still in a critical condition, but hopes are entertained of its recovery.

A man in Jackson, Tenn., has built his dwelling house on wheels.

The Constitutional Commission of the State of Maine, Saturday, by a vote of six to two, defeated the proposition to amend the constitution so that women can be electors under the same regulations and restrictions as men.

At Richmond, Va., early yesterday morning, a colored burglar named Cornelius Robinson was shot dead by Rush Burgess, Collector of internal Revenue, while attempting to break into his house.

Saturday night James Lull, alias Slippery Jim, a notorious thief who was confined in the Chicago jail as a witness in a recent case of robbery, attempted to escape, and getting upon the roof slipped and fell into the corridor, a distance of forty feet, mangle himself fearfully and receiving injuries from which he died last night.

Mrs. Mary Fellows, wife of John Fellows of Chelsea, Mass., was so badly burned yesterday by her clothes taking fire at the stove, that she died two hours afterward.

About a thousand persons, including the members of the Legislature and the State officers, visited the chapel of the Ohio Penitentiary yesterday to witness the marriage of Thos. Miles and Nancy Scott, two convicts whose terms of service expired that day. The parties were engaged to be married at the time the burglary was committed, and rather than be separated from her lover the woman pleaded guilty and consented to an imprisonment for two years.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

Owensboro is talking of a public library. Metcalfe county has instructed unanimously for Hon. John C. Underwood for Lieutenant Governor.

The Democracy of Washington county will meet in convention at Springfield on Monday, March 22, to select delegates to the State convention.

Hon. H. H. Skiles announces himself as a candidate for the State Senate in the district composed of Allen and Warren counties. He has served one term in the lower house.

A young man named Lyle killed an Irishman named Conny in Trig county, last Saturday night. After the fatal blow had been struck the Irishman fell in the fire, or was thrown into it by his murderer, and when assistance arrived it was found that the top of his head was severely burned.

Conway was long enough to state that Lyle had assaulted him with a bill of wood, and knocked him senseless. Lyle has been arrested.

Some days ago, an old-time chair, plain and substantial, made of walnut, rectangular frame, and with a plain leather cushion came to Bowling Green by express to the address of Hon. J. R. Underwood. It was the same chair used for a number of years by Henry Clay as an office chair; by him bequeathed to the late Judge Robertson, and by him to Judge Underwood. Mr. Clay and Judge Underwood, having been residing together in both houses of Congress, and being intimate personal friends, the Judge doubtless highly appreciates this souvenir of his deceased and distinguished friend.

Captain Dick Simpson of Bowling Green, while visiting his mother at Woodbury, Ky., a short time since, joined a hunting party, and while they were out, they discovered a heavy vein of lead ore, which has been tested and proved to be eighty per cent. of pure lead. They have not given any information in regard to its location, more than it is in the vicinity of Woodbury. There is great excitement in that section in regard to it. Some believe it to be on a widow's farm who has several marriageable daughters, and we have been informed by good authority that a young man has actually married one of them on the strength of it.

One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence in Lexington. On ascending one flight of stairs, he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to get into his boots.

Republic of a Burglar by a Woman was the way the story was told the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed, "Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

Caleb R. Brooks, a promising young lawyer of Owensville, has been called upon through the columns of the Owensville News, to become a candidate, to represent the counties of Bath and Rowan in the Lower House of the next Legislature.

Chicago will be represented in the next Congress by two Lexington men—Hon. Barney Caulfield and Hon. Carter Harrison.

A Negro child was born a few miles from Columbia last Monday that had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. The doctor in attendance cut off the extras.

A colored boy, twelve years of age, while playing ball at Mayfield, Mason county, a few days ago, was struck in the face with a bat, injuring him so severely as to cause his death on Sunday last.

During the progress of a trial at Squire Cram's court, in Hughes district, Pendleton county, on the 21st instant, an old man and his sons attempted to put a stop to the proceedings. Quite a stormy time was had, during which the court ad-

journal, County Attorney Simon, who was present, in order to protect himself, to that city Friday.

Dr. Pratt, President of the Central University, and pastor of the Presbyterian church in Richmond, recently preached a severe sermon against dancing. The young people of his congregation not paying proper attention to his admonitions, Dr. Pratt publishes a card in which he says he will dissolve his relations with the congregation unless they discontinue the practice of dancing at private sociable gatherings.

Col. John F. Davis, of Shelbyville, who has been for some time past in the field as a candidate for the nomination as clerk of the Court of appeals, publishes a card in the Shelby Courier withdrawing from the race.

Under the caption of "The Quaintness of Cheek," the Cincinnati Star relates the following: Among the Americans who attended a ball given at the Hotel du Ville, Paris, when John Y. Mason was our minister there, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress coat new hat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals into business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got the most of the conversation. Wherever the Marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the Marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor.

The day after the ball Jack called on our minister to France, who started up, "I hear, Jack, you were at the ball, last evening?" "I was, sir, and had a high old time." "For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how can you associated with the Marshals of France?" "I was, sir, and had a high old time." "For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how can you associated with the Marshals of France?"

"I am not being else than the Marshal of the Republic. I showed my position and took post accordingly." "By right of your office?" "What do you mean?" "Read and see." Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a very brown paper, the more precious for being a four pound weight. "What in the name of heaven is this?" "My Commission as Marshal."

I received in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census of Frankfort." "You don't mean to say you travel on this?" "I don't mean to say anything else. That is the most precious thing in the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Fighting creek is the suggestive name of a Knox county stream.

Capt. F. Whit Thomas, of the Dryden, (Tenn.) Progress, was married in Madison last Saturday to Miss Ellen Brown, daughter of C. and Stanley Brown.

David R. Saunders came all the way from Longview, Texas, to get the girl he loved in Kentucky. The old gentleman was unwilling, so Miss Gable S. Shropshire, of Bourbon county, met David in Lexington and the Phoenix Hotel was the scene of the marriage.

There is a good deal of excitement in colored circles in Woodville about a wedding celebrated there Sunday. After the ceremony, the bride, who is a girl about thirteen years old, refused to go home with the groom, and no person could induce her to do so.

St. John Boyle, Esq., having failed to execute bond as receiver of the St. Louis and Southeastern Railway Company, the matter was reopened before Judge Bennett, of the Common Pleas Court at Henderson last Saturday, and Mr. Boyle was ordered to show cause why he should not be removed from his position.

There is great trouble among the colored Baptist congregation of Frankfort, as to the selection of a pastor for the ensuing year. A few days or six weeks of the more prominent members, desiring a certain shepherd, while the bulk of the congregation oppose him in favor of the election of another. The dispute over this question grew hotter and hotter, until Sunday last, something like a riot occurred in the very precinct of the church itself, which started at the head of Clinton street, near the penitentiary. Some one saw, or thought he saw, a pistol drawn, and a terrible excitement, followed by a grand scattering, ensued. The consequences of the best thinks, if they do not settle the matter amicably and stop right here, he can expect to see the colored people of Lexington and "immersion" the whole lot under the ice in the river.

There is just this about it. If service in either the Confederate or Federal army is to be considered in the forthcoming Democratic State Convention, and the nomination conferred upon any man on either of those grounds, we will oppose the nominee to the extent and best of our ability.

If General SORGHUM WILLIAMS, for instance, is nominated simply because he held a commission as Brigadier General in the Confederate army—and that is the only card he plays in his electioneering rounds—and the opposition nominates a good, honest, sensible, straight-forward man, who has no military record, we will support the opposition candidate against WILLIAMS.

Secession never was Democratic doctrine. It was scouted with horror and spurned with indignation by JACKSON—whose Democracy was good enough for us—and we will never cast a vote for a man who is presented to us on the sole ground that he distinguished himself in the cause of Secession.

While we have supported many ex-Confederates since the war, they were not running on their military records. Whenever that is made the test for office, then we shall consider ourself at liberty to decline to support any one whose course during the war did not suit us and was in opposition to our honest convictions of duty and patriotism. And we apprehend that there are a good many thousands of Democrats in Kentucky who will agree with us in opinion and unite with us in action should the emergency be forced upon us.

THE Galaxy says (in speaking of our country and its people) that the faculty of story-telling has entirely died out of us. Alas! this charge is too true; we are too truthful—too truthful to live. WASHINGTON discovering the cherry tree did it all.

"Oh, Willie, we have missed you," is what the parson, the wedding-ring, and the cradle sing to the editor of the Litchfield Herald.

## THE TRUE STORY OF THE MODERN RONCEVALLES.

As Told by a Candidate for the gubernatorial nomination to an Astonished Voter.

"You see, I was getting rusty, and wanted sharp work. I intercepted a dispatch from General BURBRIDGE to General GILTNER, saying that he intended to attack and destroy the salt-works on the 10th of October, and gave the number of his men at ten thousand."

"Dash it to dash, that was the best news I ever heard. I had only a hundred and fifty men—all the balance off on furlough—but they were regular dash-rippers, you can bet your bottom dollar."

"I ordered a dress parade, and read the dispatch to them. I then made them a dash of a speech—a regular heart-stirrer, blood-boiler, such as nobody outside of dash but me can make. I told them the dashed Yankees were coming, and that dash would probably be to pay. I spun to them a whole dashed lot of eloquent stuff about LEONIDAS and his spartan band at the pass of Thermopylae. I told them the eyes of their mothers, wives and sweethearts were upon them—that the fate of the Southern Confederacy would hang upon their gallantry that day."

"For, you see, I knew that old LEE had got himself cornered in a way he could not get out of short of a surrender. I knew that dashed fool HOOD had got the other army destroyed, and I was conscious that the whole dashed fabric rested on my shoulders."

"The boys were just as wild for the fight as I was."

"Well, the morning of the 10th of October, 1864, which my own good sword has cut from the calendar of ordinary days and pinned upon the scroll of fame as the epoch of the grandest victory known in the history of arms, arrived, and so did BURBRIDGE and his twenty thousand men."

"They hadn't more than got in sight 'till my dashed braves were spoiling to begin the battle."

"But you see there must be systematic work on such occasions, and I am a dashed of a military genius. I told 'em to wait until the dashed Yankee had made his dispositions, and then we would go in and whip dash out of him by detail."

"BURBRIDGE was not backward in taking up his positions. He posted twenty-two thousand infantry on some rising ground on his right. He then put twenty-five thousand infantry in position on his left, and held back as a reserve force thirty-five thousand more of infantry and twenty-five thousand cavalry. Besides these he had two hundred and forty pieces of artillery."

"You may well look astonished, my honest friend. Things were a dashed bilious look. But then each one of my men was equal to a thousand Yankees. And then they knew that I was there to lead 'em. If old BOB LEE had been in my place, he would have retreated on Richmond, but dash my soul to dash it there is such a word as 'retreat' in my military dictionary."

"When I saw that the dashed Yankee had made all of his dispositions, I turned to my braves and shouted, 'Boys! follow me!' and charged full upon the enemy's right, and before BURBRIDGE could realize what I was up to, had routed it entirely, and captured sixteen thousand prisoners and eighty-four guns, leaving twelve thousand Yankees dead as dash on that portion of the field. I then charged his center and reserve, and soon had them flying in every direction. Here I captured nearly thirty thousand prisoners and one hundred and seventy-five cannon. It was then that I discovered that the enemy's left, having witnessed the destruction of their right and center, had fled from the field and were out of reach; leaving all their artillery behind them, amounting in all to two hundred and forty-five pieces. I had the dead Yankees counted and buried, and they amounted to just forty-five thousand. He also left his wounded behind him, and they amounted to sixty-eight thousand. Next morning I started the hundred and twelve thousand prisoners and wounded, and the five hundred and forty guns I had captured, to Richmond, as a present to JOHN BRECKENRIDGE, who was Secretary of war."

"That, sir, is the exact truth about the battle of Saltville. It was the greatest battle ever fought on the top of the earth. JULIUS CÆSAR was the only General who ever captured at one time as many prisoners as I did. I am a candidate for Governor, and if you can find a better General, and one who has won more fame than me, vote for him. But I'm dashed if you won't have a hard time scaring such a man up. Let's take a drink, old fellow."

"Oh, Willie, we have missed you," is what the parson, the wedding-ring, and the cradle sing to the editor of the Litchfield Herald.

Old lady "HARTFORD HERALD" evinces a characteristic abundance of belligerent propensity. This is doubtless attributed to the fact that she came into the field of Journalism through the crack of a fence backwards. She had best straighten her feathers, or they will be pulled out, and her spurs extracted.—Grayson County Herald.

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## THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."



# THE HERALD.

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THE HERALD PRINTING COMPANY, CONSISTS OF  
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, Editor, J. P. BARRETT  
Business Manager, and JOHN L. CASE, Foreman  
of Newspaper and Job Office.

## Railroad Time-Table.

The train for Paducah leaves Louisville,  
daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and ar-  
rives at  
Horse Branch at 1:55 p. m.  
Rome at 2:05 "  
Elm Lick at 2:15 "  
Beaver Dam at 2:30 "  
Hamilton's at 2:40 "  
McHenry's at 2:44 "  
Rockport at 2:58 "  
Arriving at Paducah at 3:58 "

The train for Louisville leaves Paducah  
daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at  
Rockport at 8:45 a. m.  
McHenry's at 9:55 "  
Hamilton's at 10:02 "  
Beaver Dam at 10:10 "  
Elm Lick at 10:25 "  
Rome at 10:35 "  
Horse Branch at 10:45 "

Arriving at Louisville at 1:45 p. m.  
Horse Branch at 2:05 "  
Beaver Dam at 2:15 "  
Hamilton's at 2:30 "  
McHenry's at 2:40 "  
Rockport at 2:58 "  
Arriving at Louisville at 3:58 "

These trains connect with Elizabethtown at  
Owensboro at 10:30 a. m. and with Evansville,  
Henderson and Nashville at 10:30 a. m.

D. F. WHITCOMB, Superintendent.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jos. Hayscraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
E. R. Merrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May  
and November, and continues four weeks each  
term.

**COUNTY COURT.**  
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every  
month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**  
Begins on the fourth Monday in January, and  
third Mondays in April, July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**  
Begins on the first Mondays in October and  
January.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.  
G. Smith Pittsburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Dossell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

**MAJESTY'S COURTS.**  
Candy District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,  
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December  
18. John D. Miller, Justice, held March 18,  
June 4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—S. A. Davenport,  
Justice, held March 3, June 15, September  
2, December 16. Samuel Shull, Justice, held  
March 16, June 2, September 16, December  
2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. L. Rowe,  
Justice, held March 11, June 14, September 30,  
December 15. Henry Tinsley, Justice, held  
March 16, June 28, September 13, December  
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,  
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,  
December 27. W. P. Ewell, Justice, March 21,  
June 10, September 25, December 11.

Forbesville District, No. 5.—C. W. H. Cobb,  
Justice, held March 5, June 19, September 8, Decem-  
ber 22. S. G. Smith, Justice, March 20, June  
7, September 22, December 6.

Ellis District, No. 6.—G. S. McElroy, March  
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. H. J.  
Hunter, Justice, March 22, June 5, September  
23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Frank Cooper,  
Justice, March 13, June 25, September 14, De-  
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25,  
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—W. C. Rogers,  
Justice, March 27, June 16, September 29, De-  
cember 17. R. S. Hodges, Justice, March 17,  
June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—J. Warren Barnett,  
Justice, March 12, June 24, September 14, Decem-  
ber 28. W. T. Ricketts, Justice, March 26,  
June 12, September 24, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—A. T.  
Hines, Justice, March 19, June 5, September 21,  
December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, March  
6, June 18, September 12, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—G. S. Hamilton,  
Justice, March 10, June 22, September 10, De-  
cember 24. James L. Miller, Justice, March  
23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

## COURT OF CLAIMS.

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## POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—I. H. Luce, Judge, second Mon-  
days in January, April, July and October.

Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first  
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first  
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Ceruleo.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-  
urday in March, June, September and Decem-  
ber.

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1875.

JNO. P. BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

## Important Questions.

Do you want calicoes at wholesale prices?

Do you want bleached or brown domestics at wholesale prices?

Do you want custom-made clothing at wholesale prices?

Do you want dress goods of every kind and quality at New York wholesale prices?

Do you want boots and shoes at wholesale prices?

If so, go to E. SNALL'S for the next thirty days.

A protracted meeting, under the auspices of our Baptist friends, began at the court house on Monday night.

**For Sale.**  
A choice lot of tobacco seed, of all kinds for sale by W. H. WILLIAMS.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, which prevented the attendance of the editors, the "Guiding Star" was not read at the Good Templars' lodge last Thursday night. It will be read at the next meeting, and Mr. Gruelle's lectures will be delivered on Thursday night week.

The colored Baptist church of this town has been in a stew of late. It seems that about September last, one Henry McIntosh, colored, came here, and has been teaching and preaching for them. He represented himself as a single man when he came, and has been wooing and winning the hearts of some of the sable ladies hereabouts. It turns out that he has a wife in Louisville. He has been cutting such a wide swath that the church had him up last week, and stopped him from preaching. We know none of the facts, but give the above as we learn it from a colored foran.

## Quarterly Court.

The Quarterly Court is in the midst of a two-weeks' session. Judge Gregory has kept up the docket with energy and dispatch, more than filling the expectations of his friends, familiar with all the decisions relative to practice. He keeps well up with adjudged cases, and appears to better advantage as a Judge than as a lawyer. Never harsh nor arbitrary, the lawyers are always at ease before him, and this will result in a heavy docket, for the attorneys, control the direction of the legal business. We hope the Judge will continue to command the confidence reposed in him, so that no suit for a sum less than one hundred dollars will be brought in the Circuit Court. Legal remedies should be prompt and expeditious, for honest men have honest differences, they ought to have their cases settled with the least amount of expense possible. This may be accomplished by bringing suits in the Quarterly Court, which has four sessions each year.

## He Got Up.

The morning of January 9th will be remembered as a very cold one. Mr. E. R. Ashby, who lives near Walton's Creek, in this county, felt the warm precincts of the bed some where about the "wee sma' hours of the morning" and proceeded to make a fire in the grate. After piling on as much coal as he could get to stick, he thought the fire so comfortable that he was a pity to leave it and go back to bed. He imagined that daylight was near at hand, any how, so, spreading over himself all the coats within reach, and stretching himself out in a horizontal position before the fire, with his back to it, he prepared to top-off his night's sleep with a short, sweet, soul-refreshing morning nap. But true love is not the only thing that does not run smooth. He dozed off beautifully and was soon in the heart of dreamland. His dreams were very pleasant at first, but they changed with frightful rapidity from pleasant to unpleasant, from unpleasant to alarming, from alarming to horrible, and so on to the double superlative degree of horrible, till he thought he was in the torrid zone, surrounded by monstrous-looking, indistinguishable demons, every one of whom was punching his back with a fire-brand. Then the scene changed, and he was suspended over the yawning crater of a volcano, ready to drop into it. It seemed to him an awful moment. He could smell the fumes of sulphur from the seething mass below, and just as he thought it was all over with him, he awoke to find a lump of burning coal frying away at his back-bone, and a strong smell of burnt wool in the house. El is a good church member, so, of course, he didn't think about saying or doing anything improper. He got up, though.

## CENTERTOWN ITEMS.

CENTERTOWN, Ky., Feb. 1.  
It seems that a great many communities are seeking a favorable introduction to the public through the columns of your highly appreciated paper. CENTERTOWN has caught the contagion and begs to let herself be known to her neighbors. Our little village is situated on the Hartford and South Carrollton road, about six miles from your town. We have a Methodist Church, at which Bro. Corbin breaks to us the "bread of life" once a month; a blacksmithshop, where Sam. Morton wields the hammer; a store, where Mr. R. C. Duncan is well fortified behind his counter with a yard-stick in one hand and a four pound weight in the other, and Dr. G. R. Sanders distributes pills, powders, drops, and a great many other good things, with satisfaction to us and credit to himself.

## POST OFFICE.

We have a post office also, and get our mail once a week.

## THE PRETTIEST MAN.

Mr. Duncan, our merchant, is decidedly the best looking man in town (so the ladies think), and, as he is a newcomer, perhaps we should give him more than merely a passing notice. He has been here but a short time, but, short as it is, he seems to have gained great popularity, and a liberal share of patronage. He is not only a good business man, but a gentleman also. We would advise any one in need of dry goods or groceries to give him a call. He has not an "oily tongue" in the usual acceptance of the term, but he is sociable and treats everybody in a gentlemanly manner.

## AN ACCIDENT.

Johnnie White met with a serious accident last Wednesday. He was walking

over a pile of slack, which was on fire, at Thomas Williams' coal bank, when the crust gave way, letting him through into a pool of boiling water, which had collected under it and became heated by the fire. One foot was dreadfully scalded before his shoe could be removed.

## SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL MEETINGS.

Elder W. P. Bennett, of McLean county, assisted by Eld. D. J. K. Maddox, of this county, held a very interesting series of meetings at Walton's Creek Church quite recently. We cannot tell the amount of good accomplished, but the obvious results are twenty-five additions to the church and several subtractions from the ranks of the ball-gers of this community. The new candidates for membership will be baptized on the 4th Sunday in February.

## THE GRANGERS GROWING.

The feeling in favor of the Patrons of Husbandry seem to be on the increase in this vicinity. We have had a grange at Walton's Creek since last Spring, and a new one was organized on the 2nd day of January at the Endale school-house under the name of "Stony Point," No. 1499. It now numbers forty members, within less than a month from its organization, and has fair prospects for increase.

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE HERALD.

We appreciate your paper highly, and will do what we can in support of it. The independent stand you have taken cannot meet the approval of all. We want men of integrity to fill our offices, and not political tricksters. LELAND.

## SPRING LICK ITEMS.

SPRING LICK, Feb. 2, 1875.  
Since our last, we have nothing strange or startling to write. The sacred quietness of our town has not been disturbed by any unpleasant sensation for some time past.

## TABACCO SEED WANTED.

Much inquiry is made among our farmers for tobacco seed. It is greatly apprehended now that the crop will be curtailed on account of the scarcity of seed. At any rate there will be a mammoth effort made to raise the largest crop, this year, for many years past.

## THE WEATHER.

For the past two weeks has been so disagreeable as to cause all the mills hereabouts to suspend operations. It is to be hoped that "Old Probabilities" will see fit, at no distant day, to favor us with pleasant and fair weather.

## PROSPECTIVE NEW MAJESTY LODGE.

The Masons of Caneyville and vicinity contemplate organizing a lodge in the new hall, erected by Messrs. Porter & Eskridge.

## OLD FELLOWS' OFFICERS.

At the last meeting of Spring Lick Lodge, I. O. O. F., the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: G. A. Rowe, N. G.; J. S. Carter, V. G.; C. C. Wilson, Tress; and M. H. Rowe, Warden.

## MUCH SICKNESS.

prevails now in this neighborhood, arising from colds contracted during the last cold spell.

## A WRECKED TRAIN.

We understand a wreck occurred on the L. & P. Railroad, last Saturday, near Caneyville, of a westward-bound freight train. We have not been able to learn the particulars, and cannot, therefore, report the damage sustained by the train.

## RECOVERING FROM HER WOUNDS.

Mrs. Phelps, an old and respected lady, residing in Butler county, who was some time ago stabbed several times on her person by robbers, is slowly recovering from the injuries received at their hands.

## "GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY TO US."

We have had the good pleasure of exhibiting your paper to many of our citizens, and all join in the expression that they are highly pleased with it, and intend to subscribe for it. Please find herewith a list who have already subscribed, and in my next I shall expect to send you another list of names. A.

## BEAVER DAM ITEMS.

BEAVER DAM, Feb. 2, 1875.  
Everything has been very quiet in our little town this week, the weather being so disagreeable, and the roads so muddy, that few people came to town from the country, consequently trade has been rather dull. I entertain hopes that the coming week will be more favorable.

## A LEVEL HEAD.

I was the happy recipient of a copy of your valuable paper dated the 27th. I am well pleased with it, and think it ought to reach the fireside of every family in the State, and more especially those of our own and adjacent counties.

## A DOOMED LIE EXPLANATION.

In your last paper, under the head of "Beaver Dam Items," I, M. Doorn is mentioned as being the oldest agent on the L. & P. railroad. I hope that Mr. Doorn will not take it that I meant he was the oldest man on the road, for that would be a slanderous report about a man that can run fifteen or twenty miles per hour on a pair of skates, and can talk to the ladies as sprightly as a youth of gay sixteen.

## A GRANGER LECTURE.

Rev. A. B. Smith will deliver a lecture on the cause of Grangerism at Goshen church on Saturday night, February 14th, at early candle light. Every good Granger and citizen in the neighborhood ought to attend. Grangerism is one of the good causes long needed in our community, and one that ought to be encouraged by everybody and more especially by the farmers.

## AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

Mr. B.—I understand, is talking about bringing suit against the Post-office Department for a letter that he wrote to

his girl, which he claims did not reach her. He says that it contained more love than he can afford to lose. My advice to Mr. B.—is, to box his letters up in a good strong box, and send them by express, freight prepaid, when he loads them so heavily with love; and I expect that if Mr. B.—will inquire at the office where he mailed the letter he claims is lost, he will find it thrown aside as unmailable matter, as the Post-office Department will not transfer packages over their routes that contain so much love.

## A WATCH RAFFLE.

H. P. Daily, (telegraph operator at this place,) having a watch that he was tired of, concluded that he would raffle it off, at 50 cents per chance, for the amount of eight dollars. The project took well, and at six o'clock this evening the chances were taken, and at seven and a half o'clock the raffling commenced, each man taking hold of the dice-box with a trembling hand and anxious eye, hoping every time the dice rolled out of the box to see the three sixes up. So they continued, the best throw being 40, until Isaiah the Prophet's name was called by the clerk. "His name was last on the list." Isaiah approached the table, seemingly very cool, and with a steady nerve threw 41 and took the desired prize. G. H.

## The Herald Endorsed by the County Council of the Grangers.

HARTFORD, Ky., Jan. 29.  
At a meeting of the Ohio County Council of Patrons of Husbandry, after transacting some important business, it was moved and adopted that this Council recommend to all members of the Order in this and all other counties, "THE HARTFORD HERALD," published by J. P. Barrett & Co., as a paper worthy of their patronage; and that this Council request said proprietors to publish that this Council will meet at Hartford, Ky., on the Friday before the first Monday in April, 1875. The Masters of each Grange are requested to solicit subscriptions for said paper. J. F. AUSTIN, Pres. J. W. BARRETT, Sec.

## IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit by his hand of death, to remove from our midst and sphere of usefulness our much loved brother, Robert E. Barnett, and whereas we desire to leave on our record, and publish for the benefit of other testaments of regard for our deceased brother, and sympathy with his deeply afflicted family and friends, therefore,

Resolved, That in this our first bereavement in Morning Star Grange, No. 883, we have lost our worthy Secretary and faithful member, and our order in general have lost a sincere, devoted and true friend, and the community in which he lived a good citizen. We are much consoled with an unwavering hope that he entered a blissful immortality beyond the grave and is now enjoying the rest that remains for all these that put their trust in Jesus the Savior.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sincere condolences in their bereavement, and as a token of affection and respect for our departed brother, one page in our minute book be draped in mourning and dedicated to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, also copy to THE HARTFORD HERALD.

H. D. BENNETT, J. F. AUSTIN, J. P. S. WARDEN, Com.

Dec. 31, 1874.

**MARRIED.**  
COLEMAN—POTTS.—At the residence of W. H. Potts, in Cromwell, Ohio county, Ky., on Sunday, January 31, 1875, by the Rev. B. F. Jenkins, Mr. JO. W. COLEMAN to Miss MARY E. POTTS.

They wish a long and happy life.

The new dining glove, lately introduced, for dinner parties, is soft, flexible, unglazed and kid, fastened with one button at the wrist.

The Rev. Mr. Parsy of Worcester, Mass., chose for the subject of a recent sermon, "Dead Broke." The beauty and deflection of the hint was doubtless appreciated by the congregation.

A singer, applying for an engagement, wrote to an impresario as follows: "I am a good musician. I play all music at a friend's site." "Well," remarked he to a friend, "she may play by note, but she most certainly spells by ear."

California is famous for remarkable stories. The following is the latest: A fine horse was found suspended, one morning, recently, from a cherry tree by the neck, and dead. He had been left hitched to the branch of the tree, which had grown so rapidly during the night that it raised him off his feet, and hung him.

A work has just been published in England called "Chemistinity," in which its author, Mr. J. Carrington Sellars, inconceivably proves that the only true way to reach chemistry is through poetry. We have read a good verse of verse that had a metallic sound, much that was charged with gas, but chemical poetry is a new thing.

On one occasion, when a visitor to the late Gerrit Smith had outstayed his welcome to give him two seats for a lecture performance. The manager refused and the journalist said to him, "Your refusal will cost you 40,000 francs." For six months after the paper praised the theater in this wise: "Monsieur X. is a magnificent director. He has a good company and his entertainments are excellent. His management is intelligent. He knows what the people want. What a pity it is that the staircases of the theater are wood. If a fire should break out the audience would have but little chance of escape." The result of this was that the manager was compelled to build an iron staircase which cost him 50,000 francs.

## LIST OF CLAIMS

Allowed by the Ohio County Court.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, }  
OHIO COUNTY COURT. } Sec.

A list of claims allowed by the Ohio County Court, at the October Term 1874 and January term 1875, viz:

John V. Cooper, taking lunatics to jail.....	4 00
John J. Leach, pauper coffin.....	5 00
John P. Tracy, jailers account.....	164 25
E. W. Truman, pauper coffin.....	5 00
E. B. Leach, cost in road case.....	2 00
Stevens & Barnett, hauling on road.....	3 00
Thomas R. Rowe, working on road.....	5 00
Jno. E. Pendleton, post mortem examination.....	6 00
H. J. Young, burial clothes for paupers.....	4 40
James R. Felix, view of roads.....	2 00
Wm. Stewart, view of roads.....	1 00
John J. Leach, view of roads.....	1 00
John J. Leach, view of roads.....	1 00
John O'Flaherty, defending lunatic.....	21 20
T. S. Bennett, plowing on road.....	4 00
Miles Wright, plowing on road.....	1 50
John Midkiff, taking lunatic to jail.....	9 00
W. B. Leach, pauper claim.....	3 00
Samuel W. Leach, plowing on road.....	4 50
A. R. Hoover, plowing on road.....	1 50
Henry Holbrook, (col.) keeping paupers.....	18 00
Geo. W. Bennett, plowing on road.....	2 00
John M. Graham, plowing on road.....	7 00
Samuel Wallace, plowing on road.....	3 00
John H. Baker, plowing on road.....	1 50
John H. Baker, plowing on road.....	2 25
P. M. Bennett, holding inquest.....	6 00
Joseph Park.....	2 00
William Griffin.....	1 50
Ben. Newton, plowing on road.....	3 00
E. L. Wise, jailers account.....	39 75
Nat. Schultz, view of road.....	1 00
James Miller, plowing on road.....	3 00
Wm. Boswell, plowing on road.....	3 00
W. H. Porter, view of road.....	4 00
Thomas A. Stewart, view of road.....	1 00
G. W. Ferguson, view of road.....	2 00
M. F. McDowell, hauling on road.....	6 25
W. T. Stenson, view of road.....	1 00
Matthew Schultz, view of road.....	1 00
Geo. Bradford, hauling on road.....	1 50
W. H. Newcomb, plowing on road.....	3 75
W. N. Stewart, plowing on road.....	3 00
H. Carson, hauling on road.....	5 00
W. B. Leach, plowing on road.....	3 00
Clifford Roach, plowing on road.....	3 00
Chas. Sanders, plowing on road.....	3 00
Ben. Hamilton, plowing on road.....	3 00
B. F. Graves, plowing on road.....	2 00
W. N. Stewart, plowing on road.....	4 00
A. H. Holbrook, plowing on road.....	3 00
Singlet H. Huff, plowing on road.....	5 00
B. Bennett, plowing on road.....	7 50
Humphrey Brooks, plowing on road.....	1 50
D. T. Raley, view of road.....	2 00
Jerry O'Brien, plowing on road.....	1 50
M. B. Taylor, plowing on road.....	2 25
M. C. Dowel, plowing on road.....	3 75
H. T. Ford, plowing on road.....	2 00
James Sullenger, plowing on road.....	6 00
E. C. Hoover, plowing on road.....	1 50
E. C. Hoover, plowing on road.....	6 00



# THE HERALD.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**GRANDMOTHER'S GINGERBREAD.**—Cup and a half of molasses, cup rich sour cream, teaspoon salaratus, table-spoon ginger, mix.

**WASHING FLANNELS.**—Send flannel before you make it up as it shrinks at the first washing. Much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap and the water being too cold. Never use soda for flannels.

**CARE OF CANARIES.**—Occasionally place in the water a small piece of the extract of licorice and put between the wires, at one end of the center perch, a piece of white sugar. The seed-boxes should contain sufficient seed for the day. A mixture of the canary, rape and hemp seed is usually given, but hemp seed is too fattening. We have always found canary and rape the best food, with occasionally a little German millet added.

**STORING EGGS.**—An English Agricultural paper says that eggs intended for setting should be stored with the large end down, because the air bubble does not spread so much as when the small end is down—the spreading of the air bubble being known to affect the freshness and vitality of the egg. Eggs stored with the large end down will keep good for hatching more than a month, while the others cannot be depended on after two weeks.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Take two ounces of common soda, one of pumice stone, and one of finely powdered chalk; sift them through a fine sieve and mix them with water; then rub the mixture well all over the marble and the stains will be removed; now wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was previous to its being stained. Sometimes the marble is stained yellow from iron rust; this can be removed with lemon juice.

**COOKING RICE.**—Put into the oven a pan with rice and the requisite quantity of water or milk, and keep it cooking till done—half an hour perhaps—then turn it, without stirring, into a dish for the table. The rice grains, feathery as snow flakes, will be whole, and the skin which forms over the mass in the commencement of cooking—and it can be stripped off before turning out the rice—prevents the escape of the delicate aroma of the rice, and you have a fine flavored food, in place of the pasty, insipid result of boiling and stirring.

**BOILED CHESTNUTS.**—Peel off the shell of the chestnuts with a sharp knife, cover them with water and boil until the skin can be peeled off readily. Peel this off, return them to the water in which they were previously cooked (unless it is very dark), cover closely and stew gently until they are very tender, drying the water nearly or quite out. They are much water and sweeter if the hard "shucks" are taken off before boiling, and they are nice to handle. Serve warm for breakfast. If, however, this requires too much time, then rinse them thoroughly with boiling water and dry them with a soft cloth. In this case each plate should be provided with a sharp knife.

**TO KEEP PLANTS OVER NIGHT WITHOUT FIRE.**—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at all in the following manner: Have a number of boxes, of a tray of any size—you may need it about four inches deep, with a handle on either end, water tight—paint it outside and in, put in each corner post as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your flower pots in it, and fill between them with sawdust; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them, and retains the warmth acquired during the day, keeping the temperature of the roots even. When you retire at night spread over the posts a blanket or shawl, and there is no danger of their freezing. The tray can be placed on a stand or table and easily moved about. (Cor. American Farm Journal.)

**TREATING WOUNDS.**—Every person should know how to treat a flesh wound. Every one is liable to be placed in circumstances away from surgical and veterinary aid, where he may save his own life, the life of a friend or a beast, simply by the exercise of a little common sense. In the first place, close the line of the wound with the hands and hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied. Then bathe the wound a long time in cold water. "Should it be painful," a correspondent says, "take a painful of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a minute or two the pain will be allayed, and the recovery proceeds rapidly. In my case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in smoke fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like result. Last week one of my men had a finger-nail torn out by a pair of ice tongs. It became very painful, as was to be expected. Held in sugar smoke twenty minutes, pain ceased and promised speedy recovery."

### WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The figures given below have often been printed in detachments. We give them collectively, that housekeepers and farmers may have them in convenient shape for reference:

#### WEIGHT OF GRAIN, &c.

Pounds to bushel.	Pounds to bushel.
Wheat.....60	Apples, dried.....28
Rye.....56	Peas.....28
Corn.....56	Coarse salt.....50
Oats.....32	Fine salt.....50
Barley.....48	Potatoes.....60
Buckwheat.....42	Pears.....60
Clover seed.....60	Beans.....60
Timothy seed.....45	Castor beans.....45
Flax seed.....50	Onions.....57
Hemp seed.....44	Cornmeal.....50
Blugrass seed.....14	Mineral coal.....70

### BOX MEASURES.

Farmers and market gardeners will find a series of box measures very useful, and they can readily be made by any one who understands the two-foot rule, and can handle the saw and the hammer. A box 16 by 16 1/2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain a bushel, or 2150.4 cubic inches, each inch in depth holding one gallon.

A box 24 by 11 1/5 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will also contain a bushel, or 2150.4 cubic inches, each inch in depth holding one gallon.

A box 12 by 11 1/5 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel, or 1075.2 cubic inches, each inch in depth holding half a gallon.

A box 8 by 8 1/2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a peck, or 298.8 cubic inches. The gallon dry measure.

A box 4 by 4 inches square, and 4 1/2 inches deep will contain one quart, or 67.2 cubic inches.

### MEASURING LAND.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, 43,560 square feet. One rod contains 30 1/4 square yards, 272 1/4 square feet. One square yard contains 9 square feet.

**THE SIDE OF A SQUARE TO CONTAIN**  
One acre 280.71 feet 12.65 rods 64 paces  
Half acre 147.35 feet 5.94 rods 32 paces  
Third acre 120.50 feet 4.73 rods 24 paces  
Fourth acre 104.36 feet 3.93 rods 20 paces  
Eighth acre 73.79 feet 2.72 rods 12 paces

### HOW TO ESTIMATE CROPS PER ACRE.

Eyeball together four light sticks, measuring exactly a foot square inside, and with this in hand walk into the field and select a spot of fair average yield, and lower the frame square over as many heads as it will inclose, and shell out the heads thus enclosed carefully, and weigh the grain. It is fair to presume that the proportion will be the 43,560th part of an acre's produce. To prove it, go through the field and make ten or twelve similar calculations, and estimate by the mean of the whole number of results. It will certainly enable the farmer to make a closer calculation of what a field will produce than he can by guessing.

### Young Man, Stick to It.

There is a deal of regret expressed in speeches, letters to agricultural papers, and in editorials by kind-hearted, well-intentioned editors, that the boys are leaving the farms. No doubt many young men have realized the fact that farm life is no harder than city life. Many have been wise enough to return to the farm after testing the realities of life in a city. But the boys who leave the farm for the city or village follow the examples of older men. The number of well-to-do farmers who have realized beautiful homes, reached middle age and sold their farms, bought village or city lots and settled on them with a view of "taking things easier," is not a small one. These men do so with the same or similar motives with which young men leave the farms, and they are as often disappointed in the results.

We know farmers, both young and old, who have abandoned profitable and beautiful homesteads, removed to the village, invested their capital in trade, got pretty thoroughly "cleaned out" in a business in which they had no practical experience, and have bought back their homesteads at an advanced price, running in debt to get possession of them, and working hard and contentedly to pay again for what they once possessed. Some of these men have said to us within the last two months, "a farmer is a fool who sells his farm thinking to have an easier and happier time in a village or city."

The effect of such reaction in the case of these examples upon those who stick to the farm is exceedingly wholesome. It renders them content. They have not wasted their substance in "pulling up stakes" and removing from the "old land marks." They have been steadily accumulating as farmers and gathering about their homesteads all the modern appliances for the conservation of comfort and content. The farmer who "sticks to it" is sure to win what city-made money rarely purchases—independence, happiness, and a sense of security which is the result of well-doing.—Rural New Yorker.

### Winter Work.

One of the oldest and most extensive farmers in Vermillion county, Indiana, has experimented largely on destroying brush and briars, and on the methods of preventing sprouting after being cut. After extensive experiments, he finds that by cutting under brush and briars in the winter, when the ground is frozen hard, say in January or February, that they are most easily killed. They sprout some in the spring, but a little care in cutting them back for a year effectually destroys them, the roots rot and they disappear. The ground should be frozen hard when the cutting is done. Cutting at such time breaks and shivers them to the ground and although he has no lengthy theory on the subject, a thorough and practical test of the method proves it a good one. It has been tried on extensive areas of land. We also hear that in the southern part of the State this method has been tried with success, and those having tracts of land encumbered with brambles and briars which they wish to make available, should try this method during the cold weather. We need hardly add that one could keep warm at that kind of work.—Indiana Farmer.

### Ashes as Food for Cattle.

The Live Stock Journal has a correspondent who found his cattle given to the habit of eating wool, chewing bones, &c. They became thin in flesh, refused to eat hay and presented a sickly appearance. He had no impression that their food lacked the constituents for making bone; and his neighbors used bone-meal without noticing any good results whatever. At last, he put about four bushels of leached ashes in his barn yard, and threw out to them all a shovelful each day. They all

ate with evident relish. After turning them out to pasture, he put one peck of dry ashes per week on the ground in the pasture. They ate it all, and gnawed off the grass where it had been lying. The cattle began to improve, gaining flesh and looking better than they had for several years. He says this morbid appearance was unnoticed years ago, from the fact that the ground was new and ash from the burning of the woods and land clearings. Since this discovery, he gives one quart of ashes mixed with one quart of salt to twelve head of cattle about once a week.

### Protecting Young Trees from Rabbits.

Of all the plans for the protection of young orchards from rabbits, I find nothing that so well agrees with my own experience and judgment as the following: Mix soft soap and the flour of sulphur to the consistency of a thick paste, and apply once or twice during the winter with a brush. The other, which is by all means the best, is to take a piece of common building paper, about eighteen inches in height and ten or twelve wide, and bend it loosely around the tree, and tack it with a shingle tack near the center, and the work is done in the most effective manner. Common building felt will also do. Before putting the paper around the tree, it should be examined for borers. The paper will probably retain its position for two or three years. It will also afford a good protection to trees that have been set out during the fall.—Cor. Rural World.

### Founder.

Founder is an inflammation of the parts between the crust, or wall, and the coffin bone, including the laminae, whence the name by which it is now distinguished (laminitis). The common cause of founder is drinking cold water when exhausted or fatigued by long continued exertion; but excessive exertion alone will, and often does, produce acute founder, and is at all times the predisposing cause of this disease. The treatment should be by first removing the shoes. Next give a mild dose of physic. The feet should be kept constantly wet by tying a piece of felt or flannel around each pastern, and allowing it to fall over the hoof, where it is to be constantly wetted with a mixture composed of water, two parts; alcohol one part. Or let the feet be kept moist by poultice, two parts bran, with one part oil meal. Long rest in a roomy, loose box, the floor covered with tan or sawdust, is necessary to perfect recovery.—Spirit of the Times.

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